# THE LETTING OF HVMORS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE.

With a new Moriſſco, daunced by ſcauen *Satyres*, vpon the bottome of *Diogines* Tubbe.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *W. White* for *W. F.*
1600.

# TO HIS VERY GOOD FRIEND M. HVGH *LEE* ESQVIRE.

*MY right hand, with affection doth preſent*
*Theſe* Humours *to thee, of a kinde intent:*
*That in a paper Merrour you may ſee,*
*What madd fantaſtiques in the worlde there bee:*
*Whoſe giddie heads, and apiſh idle braynes,*
*Are euery hower in new printed vaines:*
*The ſwagg'ring Gull, an empty Drumme is found,*
*Nothing within, yet makes the greateſt ſound.*
*The Foppe, the Puncke, the Pander, and the Knaue*
*Signieur Shift-maker, that moſt odious ſlaue,*
*Are all preſented to Iuditiall view,*
*With other Raſcals of the Damned crew:*
*Behold them all, how each doth acte his part;*
*Deteſt their Humours, with thine honeſt hart.*

Yours euer in true affection,

SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

# TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

HVmours *is late crown'd king of Caualeeres.*
Fantastique-follies, *grac'd with common fauour;*
Ciuilitie, *hath serued out his yeeres,*
*And scorneth now to waite on Good-behauiour.*
Gallants *like* Richard *the vsurper, swagger,*
*That had his hand continuall on his Dagger.*

Fashions *is still consort with new fond shapes;*
*And feedeth dayly vpon strange disguise:*
*We shew our selues the imitating Apes*
*Of all the toyes that Strangers heades deuise:*
*For there's no habite of hell-hatched sinne,*
*That we delight not to be clothed in.*

*Some sweare as though they Stars from heauen could pull;*
*And all their speach is poynted with the Stabbe,*
*When all men know it is some coward gull,*
*That is but champion to a Shorditch drabbe:*
*Whose feather is his heades lightnes-proclaymer,*
*Although he seeme some mightie monster tamer.*

## To the Gentlemen Readers.

Epicuriſme, *cares not how he liues,*
*But ſtill purſueth brutiſh Appetite.*
Diſdaine, *regardes not what abuſe he giues;*
*Careleſſe of wronges, and vnregarding right.*
Selfe-loue (*they ſay*) *to ſelfe-conceite is wed,*
*By which baſe match are vgly vices bred.*

Pride, *reuels like the royſting Prodigall,*
*Stretching his credite that his purſe ſtringes cracke,*
*Vntill in ſome diſtreſſull Iayle he fall,*
*Which wore of late a Lordſhip on his backe:*
*Where he till death muſt lie in pawne for debt,*
» Griefes *night is neare, when pleaſures ſunne is ſet.*

Vaunting, *hath got a mightie thundring voyce,*
*Looking that all men ſhould applaude his ſounde:*
*His deedes are ſinguler, his wordes be choyce;*
*On earth his equall is not to be founde.*
*Thus* Vertu's *hid with* Follies *iuggling miſt,*
*And hee's no man, that is no Humouriſt.*

*S. R.*

# TO POETS.

GOod honeſt Poets, *let me craue a boone,*
*That you would write, I do not care how ſoone,*
*Againſt the baſtard humours howerly bred,*
*In euery mad braind wit-worne, giddie head:*
*As ſuch groſſe follies do not ſit and winke,*
*But labour their ſame Gulles with pen and incke.*
*You ſee ſome ſtriue for faire hand-writing fame,*
*As* Peeter Bales *his ſigne can proue the ſame,* } P. B. by writing won a golden Penne.
*Gracing his credite with a golden Pen:*
*I would haue* Poets *proue more taller men:*
*In perfect Letters reſted his contention,*
*But yours conſiſt's in Wits choyce rare inuention.*
*Will you ſtand ſpending your inuentions treaſure,*
*To teach Stage parrats ſpeake for pennie pleaſure,*
*While you your ſelues like muſicke ſounding Lutes*
*Frettea and ſtrunge, gaine them their ſilken ſutes.*
*Leaue* Cupids *cut, Womens face flatt'ring praiſe,*
*Loues ſubiect growes too threadbare now adayes.*
*Change* Venus *Swannes to write of* Vulcans *Geeſe,*
*And you ſhall merite Golden Pennes a peece.*

FINIS.

*Mirth pleaſeth ſome; to others ti's offence:*
*Some wiſh t'haue follies tolde; ſome diſlike that:*
*Some cõmend plaine conceites, ſome profound ſence*
*And moſt would haue, themſelues know not what.*
*Then he that would pleaſe all, and him ſelfe too,*
*Takes more in hand, then he is like to doo.*

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 1.

*Monſieur Dominge* is a skfull man,
For much experience he hath lately got,
Proving more Phiſicke in an Alehouſe can
Then may be found in any Vintners pot.
Beere he proteſtes is ſodden and refin'd,
But this he ſpeakes being ſingle penny lyn'd.

For when his purſe is ſwolne but ſixe-pence bigge,
Why then he ſweares; now by the Lord I thinke,
All Beere in Europe is not worth a figge.
A cuppe of Claret is the onely drinke.
And thus his praiſe from Beere to Wine doth goe,
Euen as his Purſe in pence doth ebbe and flowe.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 2. *BOREAS.*

HAng him baſe gull; Ile ſtabbe him by the Lord,
If he preſume to ſpeake but halfe a word:
Ile paunch the villaine with my Rapiers poynt,
Or heaw him with my Faurchion ioynt by ioynt.
Through both his cheeks my Poniard he ſhal haue
Or Mince-pie-like Ile mangle out the ſlaue.
Aske who I am, you whorſon friſe-gowne patch?
Call me before the Conſtable, or watch?
Cannot a Captaine walke the Queenes high-way?
Swones, who de ſpeake to? know ye villains, ha?
You drunken peſlants, run's your tongs on wheeles
Long you to ſee your guttes about your heeles?
Doeſt loue me Tym? let go my Rapier then,
Perſwade me not from killing nine or ten:
I care no more to kill them in braueado,
Then for to drinke a pipe of *Trinedado.*
My minde to patience neuer will reſtore-me,
Vntill their blood do guſh in ſtreames before me.
Thus doth *Sir Launcelot* in his drunken ſtagger,
Sweare, curſe, & raile, threaten, proteſt, & ſwagger:
But being next day to ſober anſwere brought,
He's not the man can breed ſo baſe a thought.

VVhen

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 3.

When *Thraſo* meetes his frend, he ſweares by God
Vnto his Chamber he ſhall welcome be:
Not that neele cloy him there with roſt or ſod,
Such vulgar diet with Cookes ſhops agree:
But heele preſent moſt kind, exceeding franke,
The beſt *Tabacco* that he euer dranke.

Such as himſelfe did make a voyage for,
And with his owne hands gatherd from the ground
All that which other fetch he doth abhor,
His grew vpon an Iland neuer found,
Oh rare compound, a dying horſe to choke,
Of *Engliſh* fier, and of *India* ſmoke.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 4.

Who ſeekes to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelfe offende,
He may begin his worke to day,
But God knowes when hee'le ende.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 5.

Alas *Delfridus* keepes his bed God knowes,
Which is a ſigne his worſhip's verie ill:
His griefe beyond the grounds of Phiſicke goes,
No Doctor that comes neere it with his skill,
Yet doth he eate, drinke, talke, and ſleepe profound
Seeming to all mens ludgment healthfull ſound.

Then geſſe the cauſe he thus to bed is drawne,
What? thinke you ſo; may ſuch a hap procure it?
Well; faith tis true, his hoſe are out at pawne,
A Breechlaſſe chaunce is come, he muſt indure it:
His hoſe to Brokers Iayle committed are,
His ſinguler, and onely, Veluet paire.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 6.

*Diogenes* one day through *Athens* went,
With burning Torch in Sun-ſhine: his intent
Was (as he ſayd) ſome honeſt man to finde:
For ſuch were rare to meete, or he was blinde.
One late, might haue done well like light t'haue got
That ſought his wife; met her, and knew her not.
But ſtay, cry mercy, ſhe had on her maske,
How could his eyes performe their ſpying taske?
'Tis very true, t'was hard for him to doo,
By Sunne, and Torch, let him take Lant-horne too

Speake

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 7.

Speake Gentlemen, what ſhall we do to day?
Drinke ſome braue health vpon the Dutch carouſe
Or ſhall we to the *Globe* and ſee a Play?
Or viſit *Shorditch*, for a bawdie houſe?
Lets call for Cardes or Dice, and haue a Game,
To ſit thus idle, is both ſinne and ſhame.

This ſpeakes *Sir Reuell*, furniſht out with faſhion,
From diſh-crownd Hat, vnto the Shoo's ſquare toe
That haunts a Whore-houſe but for recreation,
Playes but at Dice to connycatch or ſo.
Drinkes drunke in kindnes for good fellowſhip,
Or to the Play goes but ſome Purſe to nip.

Sir

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 8.

Sir gall-Iade, is a Horſe man e'ry day,
His Bootes and Spurres and Legges do neuer part;
He rides a Horſe as paſſing cleane away,
As any that goes Tyburne-warde by cart.
Yet honeſtly he payes for hacknyes hyer,
But hang them Iades, he ſell's them when they tire.

He liues not like *Diogines* on Rootes,
But proues a Mince-pie gueſt vnto his Hoſt.
He ſcornes to walke in *Paules* without his Bootes,
And ſcores his diet on the Vitlers poſt:
And when he knows not where to haue his dinner
He faſtes, and ſweares, A glutton is a ſinner.

This

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 9. *Drudo.*

This Gentleman hath ſerued long in *Fraunce*,
And is returned filthie full of Freneh,
In ſingle cumbat, being hurt by chaunce,
As he was cloſely foyling at a Wench:
Yet hot alarmes he hath endur'd good ſtore,
But neuer in like pockie heate before.

He had no ſoonet drawne and ventred ny-her,
Intending onely but to haue a bout,
When ſhe his Flaske and Touch-boxe ſet on fier,
And till this hower the burning is not out.
Iudge, was not valour in this Martiall wight,
That with a ſpit-fire Serpent ſo durſt fight.

Fayth

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 10. *In Meritricem.*

FAyth Gentleman, you moue me to offence,
In comming to me with vnchaſt pretence.
Haue I the looke of a laſciuious Dame?
That you ſhould deeme me fit for wantons game?
I am not ſhe will take luſtes ſinne vpon her,
Ile rather die, then dimme chaſt glorious honour.
Tempt not mine eares, an grace of Chriſt I meane
To keepe my honeſt reputation cleane:
My hearing lets no ſuch lewd ſound come in,
My ſenſes loath to ſurfet on ſweete ſinne,
Reuerſe your minde, that goes from grace aſtray,
And God forgiue you with my hart I pray.
The Gallant notes her words, obſerues her frowns
Then drawes his purſe, & lets her view his crowns:
Vowing that if her kindnes graunt him pleaſure,
She ſhall be Miſtris to commaund his treaſure.
The ſtormes are calm'd, the gutt is ouer-blowne,
And ſhe replyes with: *Yours, or not her owne.*
Deſiring him to cenſure for the beſt,
Twa's but her tricke to try if men do reſt:
Her loue is lock'd where he may picke the truncke
Let *Singer* iudge if this be not a puncke.

Polle-

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 11.

Polletique *Peeter* meetes his friend a ſhore,
That came from Seas but newly tother day:
And giues him French embracements by the ſcore,
Then folowes: *Dicke*, Haſt made good voyage, ſay?
But hearing *Richardes* ſhares be poore and ſicke,
*Peter* ha's haſte, and cannot drinke with *Dicke*.

Well, then he meetes an other Caualeere,
Whom he ſalutes about the Knees and Thighes:
welcome ſweet *Iames*, now by the Lord what cheere
Ne, re better *Peter*, We haue got rich prize.
Come, come (ſayes *Peter*) eu'en a welcome quart,
For by my fayth, weele drinke before wee part:
*Or thus:*
Fayth-we muſt drinke, that's flat, before we part.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 12.

Fine *Phillip* comes vnto the Barbers ſhopp,
Wheer's nittie lockes muſt ſuffer reformation.
The Chayre and Cuſhion entertaine his ſlopp:
The Barber craues to know his worſhips faſhion.
His will is ſhauen; for his beard is thin,
It was ſo lately baniſh'd from his chin.

But ſhauing oft will helpe it, he doth hope,
And therefore for the ſmooth-face cut he calles:
Then, fie; theſe cloathes are waſht with common ſope,
Why doſt thou vſe ſuch ordinary balles?
I ſcorne this common trimming like a Boore,
Yet with his hart he loues a common whoore.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 13.

*Signieur Fantasticke.*

I scorne to meete an enemie in fielde,
Except he be a Souldier (by this light)
Likewise I scorne, my reason for to yeelde;
Yea further, I do well nigh scorne to fight.
Moreouer, I do scorne to be so vaine,
To draw my Rapier, and put vp againe.

Ieke do scorne to walke without my man,
Yea, and I scorne good morrow and good deane:
I also scorne to touch an Ale-house cann,
Thereto I scorne an ordinarie Queane.
Thus doth he scorne, disdainfull, proude, and grim
All but the Foole onely, he scornes not him.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 14.

Some do account it golden lucke,
They may be Widdow-ſped, for mucke.
Boyes on whoſe chinnes no downe appeares,
Marry olde Croanes of threeſcore yeeres:
But they are fooles to Widdowes cleaue,
Let them take that which Maydes do leaue.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 15.

Amorous *Austin* spendes much Balleting
In ryming Letters, and loue Sonnetting,
She that loues him, his Yncke norne shall bepaint her.
And with all *Venus* tytles hee'le acquaint her:
Vowing she is a perfect Angell right,
When she by waight is many graines too light;
Nay all that do but touch her with the stone,
Will be depos'd that Angell she is none.
How can he proue her for an Angell then,
That proues her selfe a Diuell, tempting men?
And draweth many to the fierie pit,
Where they are burned for their en'tring it:
I know no cause wherefore he tearmes her so,
Vnlesse he meanes shee's one of them below,
Where *Lucifer*, chiefe Prince doth domineere:
If she be such, then good my hartes stand cleere,
Come not within the compasse of her flight,
For such as do, are haunted with a spright.
This Angell is not noted by her winges,
But by her tayle, all full of prickes and stinges.
And know this lustblind Louer's vaine is led,
To prayse his Diuell, in an Angels sted.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 16.

*Gallus* will haue no Barbour prune his beard,
Yet is his chin cleane ſhauen and vnbear'd.
How comes he trimmed, you may aske me than?
His Wenches do it with their warming-pan.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 17.

When *Caualero Rake-hell* is to riſe
Out of his bed, he capers light and heddy.
Then wounds he ſweares: you arant whore he cries
Why what's the cauſe that breakfaſt is not reddy?
Can men feede like *Camelions*, on the ayre?
This is the manner of his morning prayer.

Well, he ſweares on, vntill his breakfaſt comes,
And then with teeth he falles to worke a pace:
Leauing his Boy a banquet all of crummes.
Diſpatch you Roague: my Rapier, thats his grace
So foorth he walkes, his ſtomacke muſt go ſhift,
To dine and ſuppe abroad, by deed of guift.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 18.

A wofull exclamation late I heard,
Wherewith *Tabacco* takers may be feard:
One at the poynt with pipe and leafe to part,
Did vow *Tabacco* worſe then death's blacke dart:
And prou'd it thus: You know (quoth he) my friends
Death onely ſtabbes the hart, and ſo life endes:
But this ſame poyſon, ſteeped *India* weede,
In head, hart, lunges, doth ſoote & cobwebs breede.
With that he gaſp'd, and breath'd out ſuch a ſmoke
That all the ſtanders by were like to choke.

## EPIG. 19.

*Cacus* would gladly drinke, but wants his purſe,
Nay wanteth money, which is ten times worſe:
For as he vowes himſelfe, he hath not ſeene
In three dayes ſpace the picture of the Queene.
Yet if he meete a frind neare Tauerne ſigne,
Straight he intreates him take a pint of Wine:
For he will giue it, that he will, no nay.
What will he giue? the other leaue to pay.
He calleth: Boy, fill vs the tother quart,
I will beſtow it euen with all my hart.
Then doth he diue into his ſloppes profound,
Where not a poore Port-cullice can be found.
Meane while his friend diſcharges all the Wine:
Stay, ſtay (quoth he) or well, next ſhalbe mine.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 20.

*Francke* in name, and Francke by nature,
*Frauncis* is a moſt kind creature:
Her ſelfe hath ſuffered many a fall,
In ſtriuing how to pleaſure all.

Sota

## EPIG. 21.

*Scto* can proue, ſuch as are drunke by noone,
Are long-liu'd men: the pox he can as ſoone.
Nay, heare his reaſon ere you do condemne,
And if you finde it fooliſh, hiſſe and hemme.
He ſayes, Good blood is euen the life of man:
I graunt him that: (ſay you) well go-to than.
More drinke, the more good blood. Oh thats a lie;
The more you drinke, the ſooner drunke, ſay I.
Now he proteſtes you do him mighty wrong,
Swearing a man in drinke, is three men ſtrong:
And he will pawne his head againſt a penny,
One right madd drunke, will brawle and fight with any.
Well you reply: that argument is weake,
How can a drunkard brawle, that can not ſpeake?
Or how can he vſe weapon in his hand,
Which can not guide his feete to goe or ſtand?
Harke what an oath the drunken ſlaue doth ſweare
He is a man by that, a man may heare.
And when you ſee him ſtagger, reele and winke,
He is a man and more; I by this drinke.

When

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 22.

When ſigneur *Sacke & Suger* drinke droun'd reeles
He vowes to heaw the ſpurs from's fellowes heles:
When calling for a quart of *Charnico*,
Into a louing league they preſent grow:
Then inſtantly vpon a cuppe or twaine,
Out Poniards goe, and to the ſtabbe againe,
Friendes vpon that, they drinke and ſo imbrace:
Straight bandy Daggers at each others face.
This is the humour of a madd drunke foole,
In Tauerne pots that keepes his Fencing-ſchole.

*Cornutus*

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 25.

*Cornutus* was exceeding ſicke and ill,
Pain'd as it ſeemed chiefly in his hed:
He cal'd his friends, meaning to make his will,
Who found him drunke, with hoſe & ſhoots a bed.
To whom he ſayd: Oh good my Maiſters ſee,
Drinke with his dart hath all be ſtabbed me.

I here bequeth, if I do chaunce to die,
To you kinde friendes, and *bon* companions all,
A pound of good *Tabacco*, ſweete and dry,
To drinke amongſt you, at my funerall:
Beſides, a barrell of the beſt ſtrong Beere,
And Pickle-herrings, for to domineere.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 24.

We men, in many faultes abound,
But two in women can be found:
The worſt that from their ſex proceedes,
Is naught in wordes, and naught in deedes.

Bid

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 25.

Bid me go ſleepe? I ſcorne it with my heeles,
I know my ſelfe as good a man as thee.
Let go mine Arme I ſay, lead him that reeles.
I am a right good fellow, doſt thou ſee?
I know what longs to drinking, and I can
Abuſe my ſelfe as well as any man.

I care no more for twentie hundred pound,
(Before the Lord) then for a very ſtraw.
Ile fight with any hee aboue the ground.
Tut, tell not me whats what; I know the law,
Rapier and Dagger: hey, a kingly fight.
Ile now try falls with any, by this light.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 25.

Behold, a moſt accompliſh'd Caualeere,
That the world's Ape of faſhions doth appeare,
VValking the ſtreetes, his humors to diſcloſe,
In the French Doublet, and the Germane hoſe:
The Muffes cloake, Spaniſh Hat, Toledo blade,
Italian ruffe, a Shooe right Flemiſh made,
Like Lord of Miſrule, where he comes hee'le reuel
And lie for wagers with the lying'ſt diuel.

Aske

Aske *Humors* what a Feather he doth weare?
It is his humor (by the Lord) heele ſweare.
Or what he doth with ſuch a Horſe-taile locke?
Or why vpon a Whoore he ſpendes his ſtocke?
He hath a humor doth determine ſo.
Why in the ſtop-throate faſhion doth he go,
With Scarfe about his necke? Hat without band?
It is his humor, ſweete ſir vnderſtand.
What cauſe his Purſe is ſo extreame diſtreſt,
That often times t'is ſcarcely penny bleſt?
Onely a Humor: If you queſtion why?
His tongue is nere vnfurniſh'd with a lye:
It is his Humor too he doth proteſt.
Or why with Serjants he is ſo oppreſt,
That like to Ghoſtes they haunt him erie day?
A raſcall Humor, doth not loue to pay,
Obiect, why Bootes and Spurres are ſtill in ſeaſon?
His Humor anſweres; Humor is his reaſon.
If you perceiue his witt's in wetting ſhrunke,
It commeth of a humor to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
Th'occaſion is, his Humor, and a Whoore:
And euery thing that he doth vndertake,
It is a vaine, for ſenceleſſe Humors ſake.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 28.

Three high-way ſtanders, hauing cros-leſſe curſſe,
Did greet my friend with, Sir giue vs your purſſe:
Though he were true-man, they agreed in one:
For purſſe & coyne betwixt them foure was none.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 29.

A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade,
Procur,d her owne ſweete Picture to be made:
Which being done, ſhe from her word did ſhppe,
And would not pay full due for workmanſhppe.
The Painter ſwore ſhe nere ſhould haue it ſo,
She bade him keepe it, and away did go.
He chollericke, and mightie diſcontent,
Straight tooke his Pencell and to worke he went:
Making the Dogge ſhe held, a grim Cattes face,
And hung it in his ſhoppe to her diſgrace.
Some of her friendes that ſaw it, to her went,
In ieſting maner, asking what ſhe ment
To haue her picture hang where gazers ſwarme,
Holding a filthy Catte within her arme?
She in a ſhamefull heate in haſte did hie,
The Painter to content and ſatisfie:
Right glad to giue a French Crowne for his paine,
To turne her Catte into a Dogge againe.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 30.

When *Tarlton* clown'd it in a pleaſant vaine,
And with conceites did good opinions gaine
Vpon the ſtage, his merry humors ſhop, (ſlop
Clownes knew the Clowne by his great clowniſh
But now th'are gull'd; for preſent faſhion ſayes,
*Dicke Tarltons* part, Gentlemens breeches playes:
In euery ſtreete where any *Gallant* goes,
The ſwagg'ring Sloppe, is *Tarltons* clowniſh hoſe.

One

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 21.

*To Lutius.*

One newly practiz'd in *Astronomie*,
That neuer dealt in weather-wit before:
Would scrape (forsoth) acquaintance of the skie,
And by his art, go knocke at heauen dore.
Meanewhile a Scholler in his studie slippes,
And taught his Wife skill in the Moones eclippes.

Next night that friend perswades him walke alone
Into the field, to gather starres that fell:
To mix them with Philosophers rare stone
That begets gold: he likt the motion well,
And went to watch, where starres dropt very thin,
But raine so shour'd, it wet his foole-case skin.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 32

What gallant's that whose oaths flie through mine eares?
How like a lord of *Plutos* court he sweares:
How braue in such a baudie house he fought,
How rich his emptie purse is outside wrought,
How Dutchman-like he swallows down his drinke
How sweete he takes *Tabacco* till he stinke:
How loftie sprited he disdaines a Boore,
How faythfull harted he is to a ( )
How cocke-taile proude he doth his head aduance
How rare his spurres do ring the morris-daunce.
Now I protest, by Mistris *Susans* fanne,
He and his boy, will make a proper man.

Laugh

Laugh good my Maiſters, if you can intend it,
For yonder comes a Foole that will defend it:
Saw you a verier Aſſe in all your life,
That makes himſelfe a pack-horſe to his wife?
I would his noſe where I could wiſh, were warme,
For carrying Pearle, ſo prettie vnder's arme.
Pearle his wiues Dog, a pretty ſweete-fac'd curre,
That barkes a nightes at the leaſt fart doth ſturre,
Is now not well, his cold is ſcarely brooke,
Therfore good Husband wrap him in thy cloake:
And ſweete hart, preethee helpe me to my Maske,
Hold Pearle but tender, for he hath the laske.
Heere, take my Muffe: & do you heare good man?
Now giue me Pearle, and carry you my Fanne.
Alacke poore Pearle, the wretch is full of paine,
Hisband take Pearle, giue me my Fanne againe:
See how he quakes; fayth I am like to weepe:
Come to me Pearle; my Scarfe good hisband keepe
To be with me I know my Puppie loues,
Why Pearle, I ſay: Hisband take vp my Gloues,
Thus goodman Idiot thinkes himſelfe an Earle,
That he can pleaſe his wife, and carry Pearle:
But others iudge his ſtate to be no higher,
Then a Dogges yeoman, or ſome pippin Squier.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 3.

What's he that ſits and takes a nappe,
Face'd like the North wind of a mappe:
And ſleeping: to the wind doth nod?
Tis *Bacchus* cooſen, Bellie-god.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 35.

*Seuerus* is extreame in elloquence,
In perfum'd wordes, plung'd ouer head and eares,
He doth create rare phrase, but rarer sence,
Fragments of *Latine* all about he beares.
Vnto his Seruingman, *alias* his Boy,
He vtters speech exceeding quaint and coy.

Deminitiue, and my defectiue slaue,
Reach my corpes couerture immediately:
My pleatures pleasure is, the same to haue,
T'insconce my person from frigiditie.
His man beleeues all's Welch, his Maister spoke,
Till he railes English: Roage go fetch my cloke.

# EPIGRRAMS.

## EPIG. 30.

Why ſhould the Mercers trade, a Satten ſute,
With Cookes greaſe be ſo wickedly poluted?
The reaſon is, the ſcandall and defame
Grew, that a greaſie ſlouen weares the ſame.

# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 37.

An honeſt Vicker and a kind conſort,
That to the Alehouſe friendly would reſort,
To haue a game at Tables now and than,
Or drinke his pot as ſoone as any man.
As faire a gamſter, and as free from braull,
As euer man ſhould need to play withall:
Becauſe his Hoſteſſe pledg'd him not carouſe,
Raſhly in choller did forſweare her houſe.
Taking the glaſſe, this was the oath he ſwore,
Now by this drinke, Ile nere come hither more.
But mightely his Hoſteſſe did repent,
For all her gueſſes to the next Alehouſe went,
Following their Vickers ſteps in euery thing,
He led the parriſh euen by a ſtring.
At length his auncient Hoſteſſe did complaine,
She was vndone, vnleſſe he came againe,
Deſiring certaine friendes of hers and his,
To vſe a pollecie, which ſhould be this: (him,
Becauſe with coming he ſhould not forſweare (him
To ſaue his oath, they on their backes might beare
Of this good courſe the Vicker well did thinke.
And ſo they alwayes carried him to drinke.

FINIS.

*Your Sceane is done, depart you* Epigrammes,
*Enter Goat-footed* Satyres, *but like Rammes:*
*Come nimbly foorth, Why ſtand you on delay?*
*O-ho, the Muſique-tuning makes you ſtay.*
*Well, friske it out nimbly: you ſlaues begin,*
*For now me thinkes the Fidlers handes are in.*

1.

# SATYRES.

WHo haue we here? Behold him and be mute,
Some mightie man Ile warrant by his ſute.
If all the Mercers in Cheapſide ſhew ſuch,
Ile giue them leaue to giue me twice aſmuch:
I thinke the ſtuffe is nameleſſe he doth weare:
But what ſo ere it be, it is huge geare.
Marke but his gate, and giue him then his due,
Some ſwaggring fellow, I may ſay to you:
It ſeemes *Ambition* in his bigge lookes ſhroudes,
Some *Centaure* lure, begotten of the Cloudes,
Now a ſhame take the buzard, is it hee:
I know the ruffian, now his face I ſee.
On a more gull the Sunne did neuer ſhine,
How with a vengance comes the foole ſo fine?
Some Noble mans caſt Sute is fallen vnto him,
For buying Hoſe and Doblet would vndo him.

But

But wote you now, whither the buzard walkes?
I, into *Paules* forſooth, and there he talkes
Of forraine tumults, vttring his aduice,
And prouing Warres euen like a game at dice:
For this (ſayes he) as euery gamſter knowes,
Where one ſide winnes, the other ſide muſt loſe.
Next ſpeach he vtters, is his ſtomackes care,
Which ordinarie yeeldes the cheapeſt fare:
Or if his purſſe be out of tune to pay,
Then he remembers tis a faſting day:
And then he talketh much againſt exceſſe,
Swearing all other Nations eate farre leſſe
Then Engliſhmen, experience you may get
In Fraunce and Spayne: where he was neuer yet.
With a ſcore of Figges and halfe a pint of wine,
Some foure or fiue will very hugely dine.
Mee thinkes this tale is very huge in ſound,
That halfe a pint ſhould ſerue fiue to drinke round
And twenty Figges could feed them full and fat:
But trauellers may lye, who knowes not that?
Then why not he that trauels in conceit,
From Eaſt to weſt, when he can get no meate?
His Iorney is in *Paules* in the backe Iſles,

Wher's

Wher's ſtomacke counts each pace a hũdred miles
A tedious thing, though chaunce will haue it ſuch,
To trauaile ſo long baytleſſe, ſure tis much.
Some other time ſtumbling on wealthy Chuffes,
VVorth gulling: then he ſwaggers all in huffes,
And tels them of a prize he was at taking,
wil be the ſhip-boyes childrens childrens making:
And that a Mouſe could finde no roome in holde,
Ir was ſo peſterd all with pearle and golde:
Vowing to pawne his head if it were trde,
They had more Rubies then wold paue Cheapſide
A thouſand other groſſe and odious lies,
He dares auouch, to blind dull Iudgements eyes,
Not caring what he ſpeake or what he ſweare,
So he gaine credite at his hearers eare.
Sometimes into the *Royal Exchange* hee'le droppe
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers ſhoppe:
And there his tongne runnes byas on affaires,
No talke but of commodities and wares.
And what great wealth he lookes for ery wind
From God knowes where, the place is hard to find.
If newes be harkened for, then he preuayles,
Setting his mynt a worke to coyne falſe tales.

His

His tongues-end is betipt with forged chat,
Vttring rare lyes to be admired at,
Heele tell you of a tree that he doth know,
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow,
As good as Fleetſtreete hath in any ſhoppe,
which being ripe, dawne into ſcabbards droppe.
He hath a very peece of that ſame Chaire,
In which *Cæſar* was ſtabb'd: Is it not rare?
He with his feete vpon the ſtoones did tread,
That *Sathan* brought, & bad *Chriſt* make thē bread
His wondrous trauels challenge ſuch renowne,
That *Sir Iohn Maundiuell* is quite put downe.
Men without heades, and *Pigmies* hand-bredth hie
Thoſe with one legge that on their backes do lie,
And do the weathers iniurie diſdaine,
Making their legges a penthouſe for the raine,
Are tut, and tuſh: not any thing at all.
His knowledge knowes what no mans notice ſhal
This is a mate vnmeete for euery groome,
And where he comes, peace, giue his lying roome.
He ſaw a *Hollander* in *Middleborow*,
As he was ſlaſhing of a browne Loafe thorow,
Where to the haſte of hunger had inclyn'd him,

Cut

Cut himſelf through, & two that ſtood behind him
Beſides, he ſaw a fellow put to death,
Could drinke a whole Beere barrell at a breath.
Oh this is he that will ſay any thing,
That to him ſelfe will any profite bring.
Gainſt whoſoere he doth ſpeake he cares not;
For what is it that ſuch a villaine dares not?
And though in conſcience he can not denie,
The All-commaunder ſayth, *Thou ſhalt not lie.*
Yet he will anſwere (careleſſe of ſoules ſtate;
*Trueth*-telling, is a thing obtaineth hate.

FINIS.

FINIS.

# SATYRE.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindnes,
To wincke at folly, is a fooliſh blindnes.
*God ſaue you Sir*, ſaluteth with a grace,
One he could wiſh neuer to ſee his face.
But doth not he vſe meere diſſimulation,
That's inſide hate, and outſide ſaluation?
Yes as I take it, yet his anſwere ſayes,
Faſhions and Cuſtomes, vſe it now a dayes.
A Gentleman perhaps may chaunce to meete
His Liuing-griper face to face in ſtreete:
And though his lookes are odious vnto ſight;
Yet will he do him the French *congè* right,
And in his hart wiſh him as low as hell,
When in his wordes, hee's glad to ſee him well.
Then being thus, a man may ſoone ſuppoſe,
There is *God ſaue you Sir*, ſometimes twixt foes.

Oh Sir, why that's as true as you are heere,
With one example I will make it cleere,
And farre to fetch the same I will not goe,
But into *Hounds-ditch*, to the Brokers row:
Or any place where that trade doth remayne,
Whether at *Holborne Conduit*, or *Long-lane*:
If thyther you vouchsafe to turne your eye,
And see the Pawnes that vnder forfayt lye,
Which are fourth comming sir, and safe enough
Sayes good-man Broker, in his new prime ruffe:
He will not stand too strictly on a day,
Encouraging the party to delay,
With all good wordes, the kindest may be spoke,
He turnes the Gentleman out of his Cheake:
And yet betweene them both at euery meeting,
*God saue you sir*, is their familiar greeting:
This is much kindnesse sure; I pray commend him:
with great good words, he highly doth befriend him.
It is a fauour at a pinch, in need:
A pinching friendship, and a pinching deed.
The slaue may weare his suites of Satin so,
And like a man of reputation go,
When all he hath in house, or on his backe,

It is his owne, by forfaytures ſhypwracke.
See you the Brooch that long in's Hat hath lin?
It may be there, it coſt him not a pinne:
His ſundry ſortes of diuers mens attire,
He weares them cheape, euen at his owne deſire.
Shame ouer-take the peſſant for his payne,
That he ſhould pray on ſoules, to his gayne.
In drawing Wardrobes vnder his ſumptuous.
Being a Knaue in manners and complexion:
Iumpe like to *Vſurie*, his neareſt kinne:
That weares a money bagge vnder his chinne:
A bunch that doth reſemble ſuch a ſhape,
And hayred like to Paris-garden Ape,
Foaming about the chaps like ſome wilde Beore,
As ſwart and tawnie as an *India* Moore:
With narrow brow, and Squirrell eyes, he ſhowes,
His faces chiefeſt ornament is noſe.
Full furniſhed with many a Clarret ſtaine,
As large as any Codpiece of a *Dane*.
Embolſed curious, euery eye doth iudge,
His Iacket faced with mothearen Budge:
To which a paire of Satten ſleeues he weares,
Wherein two pound of greace about he beares.

His Spectacles do in a copper caſe,
Hang dandling about his piſſing place.
His breeches and his hoſe, and all the reſt,
Are ſutable: His gowne (I meane his beſt)
Is full of threedes, Intitul'd right threed bare;
But wooll thereon is wondrous ſcant and rare.
The welking hath him in no charges ſtood,
Being the rumes of a caſt French hood.
Exceſſe is ſinfull, and he doth deſie it,
A ſparing whorſon in attire and diet.
Only exceſſe is lawfull in his Cheſt,
For there he makes a golden Angels neſt,
And vowes no farder to be found a fender,
Then that moſt pretious mettall doth engender:
Begetting dayly more and more encreaſe,
His monyes ſtaue, till wretched life ſurceaſe.
This is the *Iew* alyed very neare
Vnto the *Broker*, for they both do beare
Vndoubted teſteimonie of their kinne:
A brace of Raſcals in a league of ſinne,
Two filthy Curres that will on no man fawne,
Before they taſte the ſweetneſſe of his pawne.
And then the ſlaues will be as kind forſooth,

Not

Not as *Kind-hart*, in drawing out a tooth:
For he doth eaſe the patient of his paine,
But they diſeaſe the Borrower of his gaine.
Yet neither of them vſe extremitie,
They can be villaines euen of charitie.
To lend our Brother it is meete and fit,
Giue him roſt meate, and beat him with the ſpit.
*Vſerie* ſure is requiſite and good,
And ſo is Brokeage, rightly vnderſtood:
But ſoft a litle, what is he ſayes ſo?
One of the twaine (vpon my life) I knowe.

FINIS.

# SATYRS.

## FINIS.

## SATYRE.

OH, let the Gentlewoman haue the wall,
I know her well, it's Mistris What d'ye call:
It should be shee both by her Maske and Paine:
And yet it should not, by her Seruing-man;
For if mine eyes do not mistake the loole,
He is the Vsher of some Dauncing Schole.
The reason why I do him such suppole,
Is this; Moe thinkes he dauncee as he goes.
An actiue fellow, though he be but poore,
Eyther to vault vpon a Horse, or &c.
See you the huge bum Dagger at his backe,
To which no File nor Iron he doth lacke.
Oh with that blade he keepes the queanes in awe,
Brauely behaued, like a two-hand Saw.
Stampes on the ground, and byteth both his thoms,
Vnlesse he be commaunder where he coms.

You

You damned whores, where are you? quicke come
Dry this *Tabacco*, Fill a dosen a Beere: (heere,
Will you be briefe? or long you to be ban'gd?
Hold take this Match, go light it and be hang'd.
Where stay these whores when Gent. do call?
Heer's no attendance, by the Lord) at all.
Then downe the staires the pots in rage he throws
And in a damned vaine of swearing growes:
For he will challenge any vnder heau'n,
To sweare with him, and giue him sixe at seuen.
Oh, he is an accomplish'd Gentleman,
And many rare conceited knackes he can:
Which yeeld to him a greater store of gaine,
Then iuggling *Kings*, hey Passe, Iedgerdemaine.
His witt's his lyuing: one of quaint deuice,
For Bowling-allies, Cockpits, Cardes, or Dice,
To those exployts he euer standes prepar'd:
A Villaine excellent at a Bum card.
The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne,
And finde him in his boosome, for his turne.
Tut, he hath Cardes for any kind of game,
*Primero*, *Saunt*, or whatsoeuer name:
Make him but dealer, all his fellowes sweates.

If you do finde good dealing, take his cares,
But come to Dice; why that's his onely trade,
*Michell Mum-chance* his owne inuention made.
He hath a ſtocke whereon his lying ſtaues,
And they are *Fullams* and *Barquarter-trayes*:
His *Langrets*, with his *Hie men*, and his *low*,
Are ready what his pleaſure is to throw.
His ſtopt Dice with Quick-ſiluer neuer miſſe.
He calles for come on hue, and there it is;
Or elſe heele haue it with hue and a reach,
Although it coſt his necke the Halter ſtreatch.
Beſides all this ſame kind of cheating art,
The Gentlemen hath ſome good other part,
Well ſeene in *Magicke* and *Aſtrologie*,
Flinging a Figure wondrous handſomly;
Which if it do not miſſe, it ſure doth hit,
Of troth the man hath great ſtore of ſmall wit.
And note him whereſoeuer that he goes,
His booke of Gharacters is in his hoſe,
His dinner he will not preſume to take,
Ere he aske counſell of an Almanacke.
Heele finde if one prooue falſe vnto his wife,
Onely with Oxe blood and a ruſty knife.

He can transforme himselfe vnto an Asse,
Shew you the Diuell in a Christall glasse;
The Diuell (say you) Why I, is that such wonder?
Being conforted, they will not be a sunder.
*Alcumist* in his praimes so lure doth settle,
He can make golde of any copper kettle;
Within a three weekes space, of such a thing,
Riches vpon the whole world he could bring.
But in his owne purse one shall hardly spie it,
Witnesse his Hostesse, for a twelue-monthis diet:
Who would be glad of gold or siluer either;
But sweares by chalke, & post, she can get neither.
More, he will teach any to gaine their loue,
As thus (sayes he) Take me a Turtle Doue,
And in an Ouen let her lye and bake
So dry, that you may poulder of her make:
Which being put into a cup of wine,
The wench that drinkes it, will to loue incline;
And shall not sleepe in quiet in her bed,
Till she be eased of her mayden-head.
This is *probatum*, and it hath bin tride,
Or else the cunning man cunningly lide.
It may be so, a lie is not so strange,

Per

Perhaps he ſpake it when the Moone did change,
And thereupon(no doubt) th'occaſion ſprunge,
Vnconſtant *Luna* ouer-rul'd his tongue.
*Aſtronomers* that traffique with the Skie,
By common cenſure ſometime meete the lie:
Although in deed their blame is not ſo much,
When Starres, & Planets faile, & keepe not tutch.
And ſo this fellow with his large profeſſion,
That endes his triall in a farre digreſſion:
*Philoſophers* bequeathed him their ſtone,
To make gold with; yet can his purſe hold none.

FINIS.

# SATYRE.

MEllfluuius, ſweete Roſe-watred elloquence,
Thou that haſt hunted Barbariſme hence,
And taught the Goodman *Cobbin* at his plow
To be as elloquent as *Tullie*, now:
Who nominates his Bread and Cheeſe a name,
(That doth vntruſſe the nature of the ſame)
*His ſtomacke ſtayer*. How dee like the phraſe?
Are Plough-men ſimple fellowes now adayes?
Not ſo my Maiſters: What meanes *Singer* then?
And *Pope* the Clowne, to ſpeake ſo Beoriſh, when
They counterfaite the Clownes vpon the Stage?
Since Countrey fellowes grow in this ſame age
To be ſo quaint in their new printed ſpeech,
That Cloth will now compare with Veluet breech
Let him diſcourſe euen where and when he dare,
Talke nere ſo Yuckhorne learnedly and rare,
Sweare Cloth breech is a peſſant (by the Lord)

Threa-

Threaten to draw his (wrath-venger) his ſword:
Tuſh, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laugh,
And lets him ſee *Bone-baſter*, thats his ſtaffe:
Then tels him brother, friend, or ſo foorth, heare ye
Tis not your Knitting-needle makes me feare ye,
If to aſcention you are ſo declinde,
I haue a reſtitution in my minde:
For though your beard do ſtand ſo fine muſtated,
Perhaps your noſe may be transfiſticated.
Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the ſledge,
To iumpe or leape ouer a ditch or hedge,
To wraſtle, play at ſtooleball, or to runne.
To pitch the barre, or to ſhoote off a gunne.
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes,
To try it out at foot-ball by the ſhinnes:
At Ticktacke, Iriſh, Noddie, Maw, and Buffe,
At hot-cockles, leapfrogge, or blindman-buffe:
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole can,
To play at baſe, or pen-and Ynk-horne ſir Ihan:
To daunce the Morris, play at barly-breake:
At all exployts a man can thinke or ſpeake,
At ſhoue-groate, venter poynt, or croſſe and pile.
At beſhrow him thats laſt at yonder ſtyle,

At leaping ore a Midſommer bon-fier,
Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer:
At any of theſe, or all theſe preſently,
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I.
I ſcorne (that am a younſter of our towne)
To let a Bow-bell Cockney put me downe.
This is a Gallant farre beyond a Gull,
For very valour filles his pockets full.
wit ſhowers vpon him Wiſedomes raine in plenty
For heele be hangd, if any man finde twenty
In all their pariſh, whatſoere they be,
Can ſhew a head ſo polleticke as he.
It was his fathers lucke of late to die
*Unteſtate*; he about the Legacie
To London came inquiring all about
How he might finde a *Ciuill-villin* out,
Being vnto a *Ciuill* Lawyer ſent,
Pray Sir (quoth he) are you the man I meant:
That haue a cartaine king of occupation,
About dead men that leaue thinges out of faſhion,
Death hath don that which t'anſwar he's not able
My father he is dyed deſtable:
I being his eldeſt heire, he did prefer

Me Sir, to be his executioner:
And verie briefly my requeſt to finiſh,
Pray how may I by Law, his goods diminniſh?
Was this a Clowne? tell true, or was a none?
You make fatte Clownes, if ſuch as he be one:
A man may ſweare, if he were vrg'd to it,
Fooliſher fellowes, haue not ſo much wit.
Oh ſuch as he, are euen the onely men,
Loue letters in a Miſke-maides praiſe to pen:
Lines that will worke the curſteſt ſullen ſhrow,
To loue a man whether ſhe will or no.
Being moſt wonderous pathetical,
To make *Ciſſe* out a cry in loue withall:
He ſcornes that maiſter Scholemaiſter ſhold thinke
He wants his aide in halfe a pen of yncke:
All that he doth it cometh euery whit,
From natures dry-fat, his owne mother wit.
As thus.
Thou Honyſuckle of the Hawthorne hedge,
Vouchſafe in *Cupids* cuppe my hart to pledge:
My hartes deare bloud ſweete *Cis*, is thy carouſe,
worth all the Ale in *Gammer Gubbins* houſe:
I ſay no more, affaires call me a way,

My

My Fathers horſe for prouender doth ſtay,
Be thou the Lady *Creſſit-light* to mee,
Sir *Trollelolle* I will proue to thee,
Written in haſte: farewell my Cowſlippe ſweete,
Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-houſe meete,

FINIS.

5.

# SATYRE.

'Tis a bad world, the common ſpeach doth go,
And he complaines, that helpes to make it ſo:
Yet euery man th'imputed crime would ſhunne,
Hipocriſie with a fine threed is ſpunne.
Each ſtriues to ſhew the very beſt in ſeeming,
Honeſt enough, if honeſt in eſteeming.
Praiſe waites vpon him now with much renowne,
That wrappes vp *Vices* vnder *Vertues* gowne:
Commending with good wordes, religious deedes
To helpe the poore, ſupply our neighbours needes
Do no man wrong, giue euery man his owne,
Be friend to all, and enemie to none;
Haue charitie, auoyde contentious ſtriſe,
Oft he ſpeakes thus, that nere did good in's life.
*Deriſion* hath an ore in euery Boate,
In's Neighbours eie he quickly ſpies a moate,

But the great beame that's noted in his owne,
He lets remaine, and neuer thinkes thereon.
Some do report he beares about a ſacke,
Halfe hanging forwards, halfe behind at's backe:
And his owne faultes (quite out of ſight & minde)
He caſtes into the part that hanges behinde:
But other mens, he putteth in before,
And into them, he looketh euermore.
*Contempt* comes very neere to th'others vaine,
He hates all good deſerts with proud diſdaine:
*Raſhneſſe* is his continuall walking mate,
Coſtly apparreld, loftie in his gate:
Vp to the eares in double ruffes and ſtarch,
God bleſſe your eyſight when you ſee him march:
Statutes and lawes, he dare preſume to breake,
Againſt ſuperiors cares not what he ſpeake.
It is his humours recreation fittes,
To beat Conſtables, and reſiſt all writtes:
Swearing the ripeſt wits are childiſh young;
Vnleſſe they gaine inſtructions from his tongue.
There's nothing done amongſt the very beſt,
But he'le deride it with ſome bitter ieſt.
It's meate and drinke vnto him alwayes, when

He

He may be cenſuring of other men.
If a men do but toward a Tauerne looke,
He is a drunkard heele ſweare on a Booke:
Or if one part a fray of good intention,
He is a quarreller, and loues diſſention.
Thoſe that with ſilence vaine diſcourſes breake,
Are proud fantaſtickes, that diſdaine to ſpeake.
Such as ſpeake ſoberly with wiſedomes leaſure,
Are fooles, that in affected ſpeach take pleaſure.
If he heare any that reproueth vice,
He ſayes, there's none but hipocrites ſo nice.
No honeſt woman that can paſſe along,
But muſt endure ſome ſcandall from his tongue.
She, deales croſſe blowes her husband neuer feeles:
This Gentlewoman weareth capering heeles.
There minces *Mall*, to ſee what youth wil like her,
Her eyes do beare her witneſſe ſhe's a ſtriker.
Yonders a Wench, new dipt in beauties blaze,
She is a Mayde, as Maydes go now adayes.
And thus *Contempt* makes choyſeſt recreation,
In holding euery one in detettation:
His common gate is of the ietting ſize,
He hath a paire of euer-ſtaring eyes.

And lookes a man ſo hungry in the face;
As he would eate him vp, and nere ſay grace.
A little low cround Hatte he alwayes weares,
And Fore-horſe-like therein a Feather beares.
Goodly curld lockes; but ſurely tis great pitty
For want of kembing, they are beaſtly nitty.
His Dobblet is a cut caſt Satten one.
He ſcornes to buy new now, that nere bought none
Spotted in diuers places with pure fat,
Knowne for a right tale trencher man by that.
His Breeches that came to him by befrending,
Are deſperate like himſelfe, & quite paſt mending.
He takes a common courſe to goe vntruſt,
Except his Shirt's a waſhing; then he muſt
Goe woollward for the time; hee ſcornes it hee,
That worth two Shirts his Laundreſſe ſhould him ſee,
The weapons that his humors do afford,
Is Bum-dagger, and basket hilted Sword,
And theſe in euery Bawdie houſe are drawne
Twice in a day, vnleſſe they be at pawne.
If any fall together by the eares,
To field cries he, why? zownes (to field) he ſweares
Shew your ſelues men; hey, ſlaſh it out with blowes

Let

# SATYRES.

Let won make tothers guts garter his hoſe.
Make Steele and Iron vmpires to the Fray,
You ſhall haue me goe with, to ſee faire play:
Let mee alone, for I will haue a care
To ſee that one do kill the tother faire.
This is *Contempt*, that's euery ones diſdayner,
The ſtriſe purſuer, and the peace refrayner:
*Hates* thunderbolt, damn'd *Murders* larum-bell,
A neare deare Kinſman to the Diuell of hell:
And he whom *Sathan* to his humor bringes,
Is th'only man for all deteſted thinges.

FINIS.

# SCARCE.

6.

# SATYRE.

*Tom's* no good fellow, nor no honeſt man,
Hang him, he wold not pledge *Raiſe* halfe a can
But if a friend may ſpeake as he doth thinke,
*Will* is a right good fellow, by his drinkes
Oh *William, William*, th'art as kind a youth
As euer I was drunke with, that's the truth.
*Tom* is no more like thee, then Chalk's like Cheeſe
To pledge a health, or to drinke vp-ſe freeſe:
Fill him his Beaker, he will neuer flinch,
To giue a full quart pot the emptie pinch,
Heele looke vnto your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaues a ſnuffe.
A pox of peece-meale drinking (*William* ſayes)
Play it away, weele haue no ſtops and ſtayes,
Blowne drinke is odious, what man can diſieſt it?
No faythfull drunkard, but he doth deteſt it.

I hate halfe this; out with it, and an end,
He is a buzard will not pledge his friend, (cloſed
But ſtandes as though his drinkes malt-ſacke were
with, *Heer's t'ye Sir againſt you are diſpoſed?*
How ſay my friend, an may I be ſo bold,
Blowing on's Beere like broth to make it cold,
Keeping the full glaſſe till it ſtand and ſower,
Drinking but after halfe a mile an hower,
Vnworthy to make one, or gaine a place,
Where *boone* companions gage the pots apace,
A mans a man, and there with all an ende,
Good fellowſhip was bred and borne to ſpende,
No man ere ſaw a pound of ſorrow yet,
Could be allowd to pay an ounce of debt.
We may be here to day, and gon to morrow,
Call mee for ſixe pots more: com on, hang ſorrow
Tut, lacke another day? Why, tis all one,
when we are dead then all the world is gone.
Begin to me good *Ned*: what? haſt gon right?
Is it the ſame that tickeld me laſt night?
We gaue the Brewers Diet-drinke a wipe:
Braue *Malt-Tabacco* in a quart pot-pipe,
It netteld mee, and did my braines inſpire,

I haue

I haue forſworne your drinking ſmoke and fier,
Out vppon *Cut-* and *leafe Tabucco* ſmell,
Diuells take home your drinke: keepe it in hell.
Carowſe in Cannon *Trinidado* ſmoake,
Drinke healths to one another till you choake,
And let the *Indians* pledge you till they ſweate,
Giue me the element that drowneth heate:
Strong ſodden Water is a vertuous thing,
It makes one ſweare and ſwagger like a King,
And hath more hidden *Vertue* then you thinke,
For Ile maintaine, good liquor's meate and drinke
Nay, Ile goe further with you, for in troth,
It is as good as meate, and drinke, and cloth:
For he that is in Malt-mans Hall inrolde,
Cares not a poynt for hunger nor for colde,
If it be cold, he drinketh till he ſweate,
If it be hot, he drinkes to lay the heate:
So that howeere it be, cold or hot,
To precious vſe he doth apply the pot:
And will approue it Phiſically ſound,
If it de drunke vpon the *Daniſh* round,
Or taken with a Pickle-herring or two,
As Flemmings at Saint *Katherines* vſe to do:

Which

Which fiſh hath vertue, eaten ſalt and raw,
To pull drinke to it, euen as leate doth ſtraw.
Oh tis a very Whetſtone to the braine.
A march-beere ſhewer that puts downe April raine
It makes a man actiue to leape and ſpring,
To daunce and vault, to carrowle and to ſing:
For all exploytes it doth a man inable?
T'out leape mens heades, and caper ore the table.
To burne Sacke with a candle till he reeles,
And then to trip-vp his companions heeles,
To ſing like the great Organ pipe in *Paules*,
And cenſure all men vnder his controules.
Againſt all commers ready to maintaine,
That depeſt wit is in a drunken braine.
I marry is it; that it is he knowes it,
And by this drinke, at all times will depoſe it,
He ſayes, that day is to a minute ſhrunke,
In which he makes not ſome good fellow drunke:
As for nine Worthies on his Hoſtes wall,
He knowes three worthy drunkards paſſe them all
The firſt of them in many a Tauerne tride,
At laſt ſubdued by *Aquauitæ*, dide.
His ſecond Worthies date was brought to fine,

Fea-

Feasting with Oysters and braue Renish wine.
The third, whom diuers Dutch men held ful deare.
Was stabb'd by pickeld Hearings & strong Beere,
Well, heppy is the man doth rightly know,
The vertue of three cuppes of *Charnico*:
Being taken fasting, th'only cure for Flegme,
It worketh wonders on the braine, extreame.
A pottle of wine at morning, or at night,
Drunke with an Apple, is imployed right,
To rince the Liuer, and to purifie
A dead sicke Hart from all infirmitie.

FINIS.

# ZHIYI 2

7.

# SATYRE.

Liu'd the Philoſopher *Heraclitus*
In *Troynouant*, as once in *Epheſus*?
Were not *Democrites* liue's-date full done,
But he with vs an's glaſſe ſome ſand to runne?
How would the firſt, dry-weepe his watry eyes?
And th'others laughter, eccho through the skies?
For while they in this world were reſident,
*Heraclitus* for *Vertues* baniſhment,
Perform'd a penſiue teare-complayning part:
*Democrites*, he laugh'd euen from his hart,
Spending his time in a continuall leſt,
To ſee baſe *Vice* ſo highly in requeſt.
Weepe *Vertues* want, and giue ſad ſighes to boote:
*Vice* rides on horſebacke, *Vertue* goes on foote:
Yet laugh againe as faſt on th'others ſide,
To ſee ſo vile a ſcumme preferr'd to ride.

But what will helpe to ſigh on flintie ſinne?
T'will not be mollifide as it hath binne:
T'is farre more highly fauour'd then before,
For Sinn's no begger, ſtanding at the dore,
That by his paches doth his want diſpute,
But a right welcome Sir, for's coſtly ſute:
And maskes about with ſuch an oſtentation,
Worlde ſayes *Vice*-haters loues no recreation.
You ſhall haue ſmooth-fac'd neate Diſſimulation,
A true *What lacke ye?* by his occupation,
Will (*I in truth? Yes truly*) ſhew you ware,
All London cannot with his ſtuffe compare.
Nay, If you mach it (go from him to any)
Take his for nothing, pay him not a penny,
At this, my ſimple honeſt Country-man
Takes *Trueth* and *Truly*, for a Puritan,
And dares in's conſcience ſweare he loues no lying
But that they deale for, he giues him the buying.
To let him haue a pen-worth he is willing,
Yet for a groates-worth makes him pay a ſhilling;
Giues good-man *Trollop* one thing for another,
And ſayes, hee'le vſe him as he were his brother:
But while his eares with brothers tearmes he feedes

He

He prooueth but a Cooſen in his deedes:
Brotherhood once in kindred bore the ſway,
But that dates out, and Cooſnage hath the day.
The foregone ages that are ſpent and donne,
The old time paſt, that calles time preſent, Sonne,
Saw better yeeres, & more plaine meaning howers
Then preſently, or future following ours.
The world is naught, and now vpon the ending,
Growes worſe & worſe, & fardeſt off frō mending.
Seauen grand Deuils, bred and borne in Hell,
Are grac'd like Monarches on the earth to dwell:
where they cōmand the worlds whole globy roūd,
Leauing poore *Vertuous* life, no dwelling ground.
*Pride* is the firſt, and he began with *Eue*,
Whoſe cogniſance ſtill's worne on womens ſleeue
He fits the humours of them in their kinde,
With euery moneth, new liueries to their minde.
A Buske, a Maske, a Fanne, a monſtrous Ruffe,
A boulſter for their Buttockes, and ſuch ſtuffe:
More light and toyiſh then the wind-blown chaffe
As though they meant to make the Deuill laugh.
The next that marcheth, is the roote of euill,
Cal'd *Couetouſneſſe*, a greedy raſcall Deuill:

To fill olde Iron, barred cheſtes, he rakes,
Great rentes for little Cottages he takes:
Hordeth vp Corne, in hope to haue a yeere,
Fit for his cut-throate humour, to ſell deare.
Then is there a notorious bawdie Feend,
Nam'd *Letcherie*, who all his time doth ſpend,
In two wheeld Coatch, and baſon occupation:
Making a vaulting houſe his recreation.
Vnto his doore the *Sumner* howerly marches:
And euery Tearme looke for him in the Arches.
*Enuie's* the fourth: a Deuill dogged ſprighted;
In others harmes he chiefly is delighted:
His hart againſt all charitie is ſteeld,
His frownes are all challenges to the field:
Though nothing croſſe him, yet he murmers euer,
He laughes at ſome mans loſſe, or els laughs neuer.
*Wrath* is the next, that ſwaggers, fights, and ſwears,
In *Fleetſtreete* brauely at it by the eares:
Parboyld in rage, pepperd in heate of ire,
Hotte liuerd, and as cholericke as fire.
*Vitlers* and *Searjants*, are beholden to him,
Till halter deſtenie, of life vndo him.
Sixe lubberly gor-belled Deuill great,

# SATYRES.

Is *Gluttonie*, ſwolne with exceſſe of meate:
His bellifhip containes th'infatiate gutte,
paunch'd liquor proofe, an'twere a Malmſie butte,
Dulled with drinke: this is his vſuall phraiſe,
Yet one quart, and a morſell more, he ſayes.
The laſt is *Sloth*, a lazie deuiliſh curre,
So truſt in *Idleneſſe*, he ſcarce can ſturre:
Lumpiſh and heauie thoughtes, of *Sathans* giuing,
That rather begges, then labours for his liuing.
Theſe ſeauen, are feends come forth of Hells datke
On earth ſeduceing ſoules, miſguiding men. (den,

FINIS.